

THE
BLATANT-BEAST.

A
P O E M.

*What is that Blatant-Beast? Then he reply'd.
It is a Monster bred of hellish Race,
Then answered he, which often hath annoy'd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroy'd.*

SPENCER's Fairy Queen, Book VI. Canto I.

*No Might, no Greatness in Mortality
Can Censure 'scape: Back-wounding Calumny
The whitest Virtue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tye the Gall up in a stand'rous Tongue?*

SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBINSON, at the Golden Lyon in Ludgate-
street.

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BLANTYRE-AST.

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M. E. O. P.

W. H. ...
It is ...
The ...
One ...
E. ...

...
Can ...
The ...
Can ...
SHAKESPEARE.

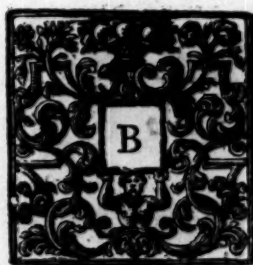
L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ...
MECCO ...



THE
BLATANT-BEAST.

A
POEM.



BEAUTY, the fondling Mother's ear-
liest Pray'r,

Nature's kind Gift to sweeten worldly
Care.

Beauty the greatest Extasy imparts,
Steals thro' our Eyes, and revels in our Hearts ;
Adds Lustre to a Crown, gives Weight to Sense,
The Orator assists in Truth's Defence.
The very Fool our Hearts resistless warms,
And while we curse the Tongue, the Figure charms.
If Beauty be the Subject of our Praise,
A rude, mishapen Lump Contempt must raise.

2 WHEN

WHEN *Lucifer* with Angels held first Place,
 Seraphic Beauty sparkled in his Face.
 By Pride and Malice tempted to rebel,
 Vengeance pursu'd him to the lowest Hell:
 Not sulph'rous Lakes suffic'd, nor dreary Plains;
 Deformity was join'd t' improve his Pains.

PAINT then the Person, and expose the Mind,
 Who rails at others, to his own Faults blind.
 Sly *Sancho's* Paunch, meagre *Don Quixot's* Love,
 The Satyr and the Ridicule improve.
 So when fam'd *Butler* wou'd Rebellion paint,
 He lasht the Traitor and the Mimic Saint.
 Sir *Hudibras* he fung; the crumpled Wight,
 Contempt and Laughter ever will excite.

THE Blatant-Beast once more has broke his Chains,
 Disperfes Falshoods, and remorseless reigns.
 Scornful of all thy Verses dare design,
 (Where useles Epithets crowd ev'ry Line,)
 The Blatant-Beast shall be afresh pursu'd,
 Nor cease my Labours till again subdu'd.

Distorted Elf! to Nature a Disgrace,
 Thy Mind envenom'd pictur'd in thy Face;
 Malice with Envy in thy Breast combines,
 And in thy Visage grav'd those ghastly Lines.
 Like Plagues, like Death thy ranc'rous Arrows fly,
 At Good and Bad, at Friend and Enemy.
 To thy own Breast recoils the erring Dart,
 Corrupts thy Blood, and rankles in thy Heart.
 There swell the Poisons which thy Breast distend,
 And with the Load thy Mountain Shoulders bend.
 Horrid to view! retire from human Sight,
 Nor with thy Figure pregnant Dames affright.
 Crawl thro' thy childish Grot, growl round thy Grove,
 A Foe to Man, an Antidote to Love.
 In Curses waste thy Time instead of Pray'r,
 (a) And with thy Breath pollute the fragrant Air.
 There doze o'er *Shakespear*; then thy Blunders sell
 (b) At mighty Price; this Truth let *Tonson* tell.
 Then frontless intimate, (oh perjurd Band!)
 Thy Labours were bestow'd without Reward.
 On that immortal Author wreak thy Spite,
 (c) And on his Monument thy Nonsense write.

B

Should

(a) It is surely allowable to treat a Man after this manner who abuses all others, and to make this just Reflexion, since in his new *Dunciad* he not only calls *Mumpsimus* a Fool, but uses this filthy Expression — who stinks above the Ground.

(b) See this farther explained in the ingenious Dialogues of *Savoney* and *Colley*.

(c) Tho' he was informed that Wreck was improper, yet he was resolv'd it should be inscrib'd, because the Nonsense was in his Edition of *Shakespear*.

Should *Theobald* thy presumptuous Errors shew,
Be thou to *Theobald* an inveterate Foe.
Cibber shall, foremost in thy Satyrs stand;
His Plays succeed, and thine was justly damn'd
But *Colley* call him, when thou would'st declaim;
Great is the Jest that lies in *Colley's* Name.
To thy own Breast recoils the erring Dart,

Beware all ye, whom he as Friends carest,
How ye entrust your Secrets to his Breast.

(a) On Backs of Letters was his *Homer* wrote,
All your Affairs disclos'd to save a Groat.
He valu'd not to whom he gave Offence;
He sav'd his Paper, tho' at your Expence.

But shall a low-born Wretch the best traduce,
And call it Poetry, because Abuse?
The Heav'n-born Muse, by Truth and Justice sway'd,
To false Aspersions ne'er vouchsafes her Aid.
When unprovok'd, not vengeful Wasps molest,
Nor dart their Stings, when undisturb'd their Nest.
Thy Muse, by *Virgil's* Harpies taught to write,
Scatters her Ordure in her screaming Flight;

Sacred

(a) When he sent his *Homer* to his Acquaintance for their Emendations, it was written on the Back of the Letters of his Correspondents, whether of Business, Complement or Secrecy. A shameful Instance of Avarice and Treachery!

Sacred Religion and her Priests defames,
And against Monarchs saucily exclames.

(a) The Fathers, of our Church the surest Guides,

As a poor Pack of Pundits she derides.

But chief O *Cam!* and *Ips!* dread her Frown,

(b) Chain'd into the Footstool of the Goddess' Throne.

No Order, no Degree escapes her Rage,

And dull, and dull, and dull swells ev'ry Page.

Thirsty, she Poison draws from ev'ry Flow'r,

Like Satan, seeks whom next she may devour.

So have I seen a Dog distracted roam ;

He bites, he snaps at all, disgorging Foam.

The frighten'd Passenger the Danger flies,

And sees the Poison flashing from his Eyes.

Till some stout Dray-man dashes out his Brains,

And his corrupted Blood the Kennel stains.

Thy Notes pedantic shall no more engage ;

Arbutnot's Wit enlivens not the Page.

Thy Muse, that Prostitute abandon'd Jade,

Now flounders in the Mire without *Swift's* Aid.

Thy

(a) Vide Notes on the new *Dunciad*.

(b) Goddess of Dullness.

Thy base Invectives Men no more regard;
With just Disdain thy Scare-Crow Mute is heard.

So when the latent Seeds their Fruits display,
And gain fresh Vigour from a genial Ray:
The careful Hind a monstrous Figure frames;
From various Rags unwonted Terror streams.
The feather'd Chonisters in Flocks retreat,
And at a Distance view the tempting Bait.
At length grown bold, they perch upon his Head,
And with their Meute bedawb what late they fled.

B-nf-n abuse for raising *Milton's* Bust,
And impiously molest *Tearn'd Johnson's* Dust.
Religious, he the Psalms in *Latin* sing,
From hence the Malice of the Deist sprung.
While with a just Derision we survey,
Thy wretched Epitaph on poor *John Gay*.

HAD *Peter*, *Charters* thee with Gold supply'd,
Peter and *Charters* had been deify'd.
But every Lord, each gen'rous Friend implore,
And by Subscriptions meanly swell thy Store.

When to the Town by fordid Int'rest led,
 Mump for a Dinner, flatter for a Bed.
 Then to thy Grot retire, indulge thy Spite,
 And rail at those who for Subsistence write.
 Summon thy Rage, invoke thy scurril Muse,
 With keenest Malice *Addison* abuse.
 Sculking, the Scandal privately disperse,
 (a) Then own in Prose the Baseness of thy Verse.

So e're *Arachne* to her Cell repairs,
 Infidiously she weaves her glewy Snares.
 Sullen, she meditates on Deaths to come,
 And meliorates the Poison in her Womb.
 (b) Should hapless *Clarion* thither take his Flight,
 He falls her Prey, mindful of antient Spite.

With Malice swell'n, Pride, Envy, Avarice,
 Ingratitude attends this Train to Vice,
 Yet one remains untold; with Lust endu'd,
 Behold the Fribler lab'ring to be lewd.
 Kind *Cibber* interpos'd, forbid the Banns,
 He'd peopled else this Isle with *Calibans*.

(a) He writ a vile Lampoon on Mr. *Addison*, and then in a Preface owns, he deserves Respect from every Lover of Learning.

(b) Vide *Spencer's* Fate of the Butterfly.

(a) The noble *Timon*, in thy waspish Strains,
 A Proof of thy Ingratitude remains.
 Courteous to all, munificent, humane,
 Subject of others Praise, to thee of Pain.
 Exalted far above thy groveling State,
 The Object of his Pity, not his Hate.
 He smiles at Scandal so unjustly thrown,
 And at thy Malice he disdains to frown.

Thus oft we see a currish, Mungrel Crew,
 A stately Mastiff eagerly pursue.
 They swarm around, they yelp, they snarl, they grin,
 Bold in Appearance, timorous within :
 With such mean Foes he deigns not to engage,
 But lifts his Leg, and pisses out their Rage.

How dar'st thou, Peasant, give thy Pen this Loose ?
 Becomes it thee thus madly to traduce ?
 The Great, the Low, the Virtuous, and the Base,
 Alike are grown thy Subject of Disgrace.
 Safe in thy Weakness, thou desi'st a Foe ;
 E'en (b) *Cibber's* Cudgel scorn'd to stoop so low.

(a) *Vide* a Poem on Taste.

(b) *Vide* *Cibber's* Letter to *Pope*.

The Mercy of the Law restrains thy Fears ;
Coventry's Act secures thy Nose and Ears.
 Yet there remains, to fill thy Soul with Care,
 A Blanket to curvet thee in the Air.

O wretched Life consum'd in restless Pains,
 Where Dread of Punishment incessant reigns!
 Poor Self-Tormentor ! in whose gloomy Breast
 The Vulture dwells, inhospitable Guest.
 Be to my Foe no greater Curse assign'd !
 Than a malignant Heart and envious Mind.

Thrice happy he ! that's with Good Nature blest,
 Love of his Species rules his tender Breast ;
 Nor there confin'd : The Brute Creation share
 His kind Beneficence and gen'rous Care.

No base malicious Thoughts his Peace annoy :
 Are others happy ? he partakes their Joy.
 Cheerful and innocent the Day he spends,
 And Silver Sleep his quiet Nights attends.

But thou, a Stranger to this Peace of Mind,
 Search where thou may'st conspicuous Merit find :
 There strive to blacken with thy utmost Art,
 And rail the more, the greater the Desert.

Is there a Man, an Honour to the Age,
 Unfully'd by the keenest Party-rage ;
 By Vice untainted ; who, from early Youth,
 Firmly adher'd to Honour, Justice, Truth ;
 Whom no unruly Passions e're cou'd blind,
 Nor ruffle his Serenity of Mind ;
 His Country's Good, the Patriot's noblest View,
 Unbrib'd, unaw'd, does steadfastly pursue ;
 Polite in Manners, and rever'd his Sense,
 And long in Senates fam'd for Eloquence ;
 But if to these Endowments of the Mind,
 A graceful Figure happily is join'd,
 Then flows thy Gall, then raves thy half-form'd Clay,
 Then frets thy putrid Carcass to Decay.

So when the croaking Toad the Ox beheld,
 His envious Heart with Indignation swell'd.
 Vainly the Reptil thought he could extend
 His bloated Form, and Nature's Error mend.
 He drew his Breath ; he swell'd—he burst ; he dy'd
 A Victim to his Arrogance and Pride.

F I N I S.